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THE CIRCLE

1932

PUBLISHED BY THE SENIOR CLASS
ABBOT ACADEMY
ANDOVER, MASSACHUSETTS

TO MISS JENKS

Of all human qualities there is one supremely prized—the ability to be a friend. This is meant not in the ordinary sense of the word—the merry smile, the cordial word. The true definition of a friend is one who, aware of other people's failings, can still offer unbiased friendship; one who continues her loyalty and fine attitude toward others in their absence as well as their presence. Criticism from such a friend is sincere, and, if unfavorable, deserved, and therefore not resented. Add to this characteristic unfailing sympathy and the ability to make people respect as well as love you, and there you have a friend almost too perfect to be true. As a class we have decided to dedicate this book to you because, to our minds, you represent what we all strive to be—a good friend.

FANNY BIGELOW JENKS

DRAPER HALL

ABBOT HALL

McKEEN MEMORIAL HALL

MISS BERTHA BAILEY

CAMPUS AND GROVE

An Appreciation

To Miss Kelsey and Miss Mason:—

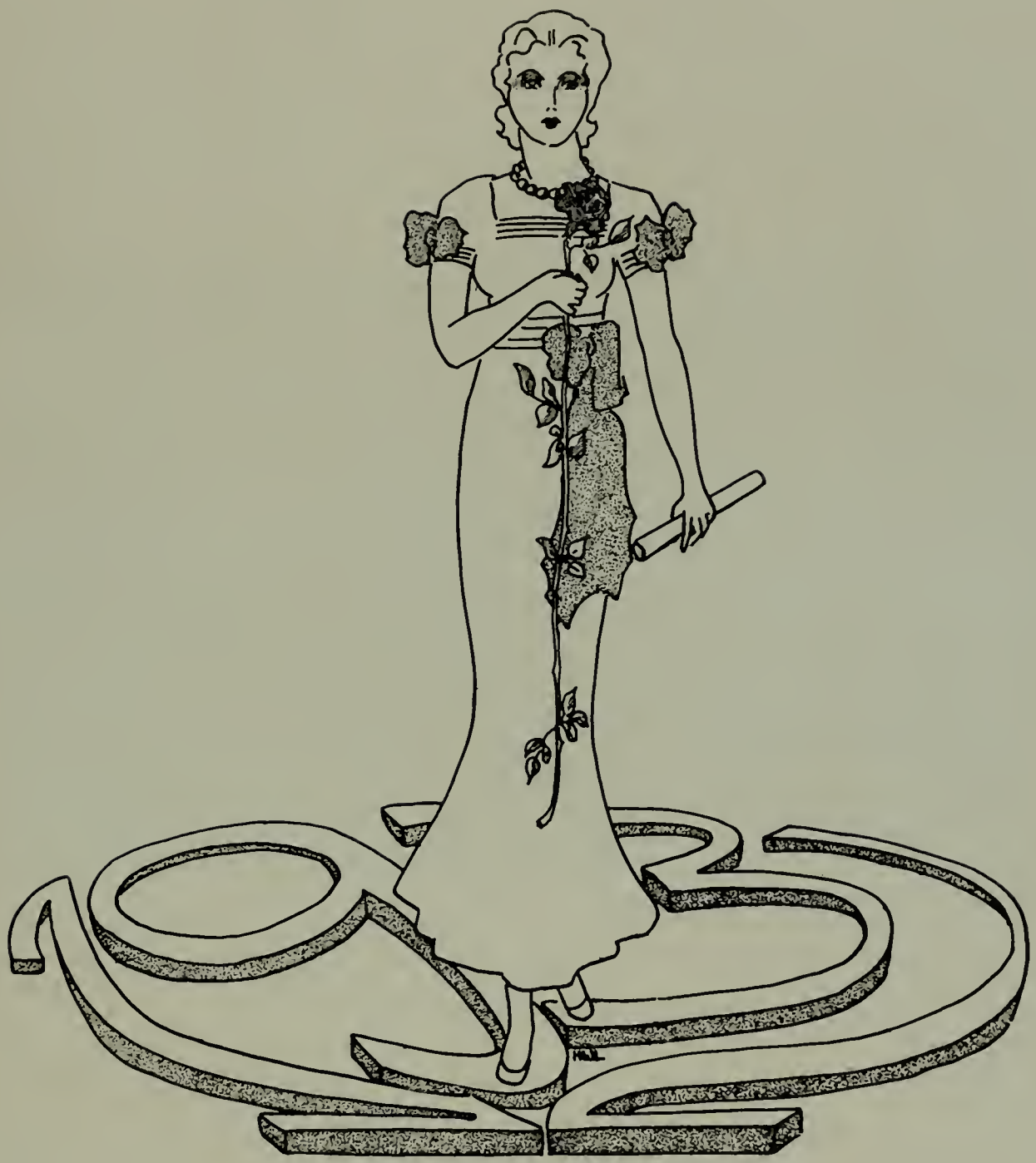
It is beyond our small powers to express just what it has meant to us as individuals to be the members of the last Senior Class to have the privilege and honor of associating with you as friends and pupils.

We have noticed that those who try sincerely to express appreciation have been actuated either by gratefulness, by esteem, or by affection. We find this to be a most noble custom worthy of our purpose and worthy of you.

To you, then, we devote this page of appreciation in gratefulness for daily contact with you; in esteem, because you form a gloriously strong force, yet have continued to maintain feminine tenderness; and in affection, for no reason sufficiently tangible to be expressed, yet for reasons which are of all others the most weighty.

With the utmost sincerity,

The Class of 1932



Senior Class Officers

Leonore Hezlitt
Secretary

Katherine Cook
Vice-President

Lucy Drummond
President

Atossa Welles
Treasurer

HELEN STEARNS ALLEN

"Helen"

6 Stonehedge Rd., Andover, Mass.

Smith College

Q.E.D. '30, '31, '32
Secretary-Treasurer Q.E.D. '31
Posture Honor Roll '30, '31
Honor Roll '29, '30, '31
Athletic Council '31
Tea Dance Committee '31
Senior Banquet Committee '31
Track Team '29, '30, '31
Choir '32
Student Government '31, '32
Chevron '31

Four Years

Senior-Mid Play '31
Numerals '29
Gargoyle Secretary '31
President of Class '29
Gargoyle Club Basketball '31
Vice-President of Class '29
Vice-President of Class '31
Assistant Hiking Leader '31
Fidelio '29, '30, '31, '32
Northfield '31
Head of Day Scholars '32
"A" Society '31, '32

"You'd better ask Helen." We wonder how many times a day we hear that! And the nice part about it is that she can always tell us. Helen is a born leader, and those who have seen her playing basketball, or broad-jumping in track, or arguing in Q.E.D., or heard her singing in choir will realize her accomplishments are not at all limited.

ELIZABETH ROSS BIGLER

"Betty"

428 Liberty St., Newburgh, N. Y.

Scudder School

Fidelio '28, '29, '30, '31, '32
Numerals '29
Class Treasurer '29
Honor Roll '28, '29, '30
President of Fidelio '32
Accompanist of Fidelio '30, '31
Aeolian '29, '30, '31, '32
Secretary-Treasurer Aeolian '30
Student Council '31, '32
President "A" Society '32
Griffin Entertainment Committee '32

Five Years

Entertainment Committee '31
Posture Honor Roll '30, '31
Senior-Mid Banquet Committee '31
Griffin Basketball '31, '32
Griffin Volley Ball '31
Griffin Track '30
"A" Society '31, '32
Chevron '31
Secretary Student Council '32
Christmas Party Committee '31
Senior Play Committee '32

"Good and true and jolly too." We would be quite lonely if it weren't for Betty's joyful smile. Her splendid leadership of Fidelio has made her very popular with us all. What would we do if she did not have a duet to play at one of the recitals? Wherever Betty is she is always doing her best and joining in with the spirit of the occasion.

HARRIET BOLTON

"Harry"

128 Prescott St., North Andover, Mass.

Wellesley	*Five Years*
Odeon '30, '31, '32	Numerals '31
President Odeon '31	Class Secretary '29, '30
Honor Roll '29, '30	Advisory Board '31
Christmas Party '30	Varsity Hockey '31
Gargoyle Hockey '31	Secretary of A.C.A. '31
Tea Dance Committee '31	Northfield '31
Abbot Birthday Committee '31	Prom Committee '31

Second Vice-President Student Government '32

Five year plans are not always successful, but Harriet's certainly have been. Just think how demure she *seems*, when, as a matter of fact, she manages to have the kind of time that tells us that all is not quiet on the second floor front!

ELIZABETH MAY BOYCE

"Betty"

154 Main St., Andover, Mass.

	Four Years
Philomatheia '32	"A" Society '31, '32
Honor Roll '29, '30	Varsity Basketball '31, '32
Athletic Council '32	Treasurer of Class '30
Advisory Board '32	Head of Basketball '32
Griffin Basketball '31, '32	Numerals '30
Track Team '30, '31, '32	Chevrons '32

Elizabeth came to us a shy little girl who hardly dared open her mouth. And now look at her! Her name is Betty, she's captain of basketball, in Philomatheia, "A" Society, and all sorts of other things. Yes, Betty, we surely do take our hats off to you!

VIRGINIA BROWN

"Jinny"

303 Court St., Keene, N. H.

Erskine	*Five Years*
Les Beaux Arts '30, '31, '32	Numerals '29
"A" Society '31, '32	Vice-President of Class '29
Fidelio '29, '30, '31, '32	President of Class '30
Athletic Council '30, '31, '32	Treasurer of Class '31
Tea Dance Committee '31	Student Council '32
Christmas Party Committee '32	President A.A.A. '32
Varsity Hockey '30, '31	Head of Golf '30, '31
Baseball Team '28, '29, '30, '31	Chevron '31
Senior-Mid Play '31	Entertainment Committee '31
Draper Dramatics '31	Nominating Committee '29
Secretary-Treasurer Gargoyles '30	Hiking Leader '31

If we should take a Salem Street walk next year, we would stare in consternation at the deserted buildings, shut-up houses, and desolate campus of Phillips Academy. Then would come the dawn and the mystery would be solved. Jinny Brown is gone!

But what about us? We'll miss her too. Who'll be our fashion-plate par excellence? Or who could ever fulfil her place as beloved President of A.A.A.? And who could ever imitate her "Eeeee!"?

PAULINE HOLT BURTT

"Pauly"

9 Avon St., Andover, Mass.

Katharine Gibbs	*Four Years*
Fidelio '29, '30, '31, '32	Senior Play '32
"A" Society '31, '32	Numerals '30
Secretary-Treasurer of Class '32	Hiking Leader '31, '32
Athletic Council '32	Chevron '31
Basketball '29, '30, '31	Abbot Birthday Committee '31
Baseball Team '29, '30, '31	
	Senior-Mid Banquet Committee '31

Any good times to be had? You can bet your last cent that Pauline will be right in the middle of it. She just loves a good time—such as putting pictures together in Fidelio. We've also heard of her good times with Johnny! We only hope that she doesn't lead him as merry a chase as she leads some of us in basketball. But then—perhaps we'd better not go into that after all.

KATHARINE COOK
"*Kitty*"
New Bedford, Mass.

	Three Years
A.D.S. '31, '32	A.D.S. Plays '32
President A.D.S. '32	Gargoyle Song Leader '32
Vice-President of Class '31	Northfield '31
Vice-President of Class '32	Student Government '32
Entertainment Committee '31	Senior-Mid Plays '31
Spanish Play '31	

I have heard that in the dim dark ages Kitty was our "enfant terrible"—but she certainly has made up for it since. We who have seen her in dramatics might think that her future lay in that direction, but to anyone who happens to be around at mail time, it is obvious that her future is more definitely assured.

HELEN MILDRED CUTLER
"*Helen*"
97 Summit Ave., Wollaston, Mass.

Miss Wheelock's	*Two Years*
Class Book Board '32	Christmas Party Committee '31
Philomatheia '31	Varsity Tennis Team '31
Vice-President A.C.A. '31	Gargoyle Tennis Team '31
Advisory Board '31	Numerals '31
Student Government '31	Hiking Leader '31
Nominating Committee '31	Proctors '30, '31
Stage Manager Plays '31, '32	Prom Committee '31

Why do our plays go so smoothly? Why, that's because Helen is stage manager. Who comes quietly forth with a suggestion that solves the problem at hand? Helen again—she certainly is efficiency personified. She also has a very subtle sense of humor, and is generally chuckling at some little joke all her own. We can forgive her little weakness for playing tricks on others, for her own good nature makes us like her so.

LUCY DRUMMOND

"Luce"

26 Locust Lane, Bronxville, N. Y.

Three Years

Q.E.D. '31, '32
Honor Roll '30
Athletic Council '30
Head Basketball '30
Christmas Party '31
Griffin Second Basketball Team '29, '30
Second Varsity Basketball '30
Varsity Riding Team '29
Griffin Riding Team '31
Numerals '31
President Senior-Mid Class '31
President Senior Class '32
Fidelio '31, '32
Class Book Board '32
Student Government '32

It seems a little unnecessary to put anything under Lucy's name after all, doesn't it? We all know what should be said about our noble President. However, we'll fool you and not say it. We'd much rather mention what a good friend she is, and how much everyone likes her. And did you ever see Smithy dearie lead her? And what is it about songs that come over the "rec" room radio? And what became of those ribbons that she used to keep on her screen?

PHYLLIS FREDERICK

"Phyll"

Greenlawn, Long Island, N. Y.

Two Years

Courant Board '31, '32
Class Book Board '32

Phyl-Ass! You didn't forget your English paper *again!* And are you and Rockwell ever going to be on time to *Courant* meeting? Well, never mind, we all love you, especially when you put on that timorous, yearning expression before springing some perfectly awful pun. And when you go off in one of those literary dazes, we never mind it, because we know the result will be so perfect!

MADOLINE HARTWELL

"Mad"

1938 Wood Ave., Colorado Springs, Col.

	Two Years
Varsity Basketball Team '31	Fidelio '31, '32
Advisory Board '32	Choir '31, '32
A. A. Council '32	Numerals '31
Head Deck Tennis '32	Basketball Team '32

"Mad" Hartwell—but that's just a nickname, for if anyone could hear her laugh and say "My *dear*, what a *riot!*" they'd agree that Mad's clouds don't last when the sun is shining. And Mad's voice has not only charmed us, but every one around her enjoys hearing her sing.

FRANCES PAGE HARVEY

"Fran"

Hanover, N. H.

Wellesley	*Two Years*
Odeon '31, '32	Posture Honor Roll '31
Fidelio '31, '32	Senior-Mid Banquet Committee '31
Ensemble '31, '32	Class Book Board '32
Hiking Leader '31, '32	Athletic Council '32
Basketball '31	Senior-Mid Play '31
Baseball '31	

Special for Harvey! Special for Harvey! and the maid comes tearing down the hall with the latest from David. There does seem to be something fascinating about those endless sheets of yellow paper. But why does it get you so mad to be told you look like a dutiful school-girl? We all know that appearances are deceiving. You don't like to dance by any chance? And who is the blue-eyed, baby-faced girl you're always hanging around?

JOYCE COMPTON HENRY

"Jerce"

29 Central St., Andover, Mass.

Wellesley	*Five Years*
Club Riding Team '29, '30, '31	Numerals '29
Senior-Mid Banquet Committee '31	Senior-Mid Plays '31
Prom Committee '31	Entertainment Committee '32
Club Baseball Team '28, '39, '30, '31	Two Chevrons '31
Second Varsity Hockey Team '30	Tea Dance Committee '31
Varsity Hockey Team '31	Club Hockey Team '30, '31
Second Varsity Riding Team '29	*Courant* Board '30, '31
Honor Roll '29	Senior Banquet Committee '31
Fidelio '29, '30, '31, '32	Society Banquet Committee '31
"A Society '31, '32	Editor-in-Chief *Courant* '32
Secretary of Class '28	Posture Committee '31

One of Joyce's weaknesses is dogs and horses. She knows all about them, and we come to her for information all the time. She not only draws clever little sketches of them, but she writes very amusing stories about them, too. And speaking of writing, we are looking forward to the day when Joyce will be a famous authoress!

LEONORE SARAH HEZLITT

"Hezzy"

Winchendon, Mass.

	Three Years
Les Beaux Arts '31, '32	Senior Play '32
President of Les Beaux Arts '32	Secretary of Class '32
Christmas Party '32	Class Book Board '32

"Well done is better than well said." Leonore is a lady of few words, but the few she chooses to say are well worth listening to. Hezzy thinks she is fat, but we all know that she is happily endowed by nature with a nimble form as well as "smooth" looks. Her defying way is charmingly handled and is not to be taken at all seriously. Added to these accomplishments is her artistic ability.

CONSTANCE HOAG

"Connie"

61 Mount Vernon St., Boston, Mass.

School of Boston Museum of Fine Arts *Four Years*

Les Beaux Arts '30, '31, '32
Secretary-Treasurer Les Beaux Arts '31
Honor Roll '30, '31, '32
Tea Dance Committee '31
Christmas Party '30
Numerals '30
"A" Society '31, '32
Advisory Board '31
President Student Government '32
Fidelio '29, '30, '31, '32
Class Representative for Student Government '30
Varsity Hockey Team '31
French Play '30
Griffin Hockey Team '29, '30, '31
Riding Team '29, '30
Senior Play '32
Chevron '31
Class President '30
President Senior-Mid Class '31
Treasurer A. C. A. '31
Northfield '31
Prom Committee '31

A modest, dark little person with hair a la Garbo and pointed out to awed preps as the "Head of Stu G". What, Head of Student Government! We expected someone vaguely resembling George Washington, Solomon, or a Puritan forefather. But the preps don't know what power and influence over our truant natures that modest, dark little person has! Oh yes! Also what hidden talent (not so hidden after all) this prominent member of Les Beaux Arts possesses. And wait 'til you see Connie in the Senior Play!

ELIZABETH ELAINE HOLIHAN

"Betty" "Holly"

30 Morton St., Andover, Mass.

Smith *Three Years*

Fidelio '30, '31, '32
President Aeolian '32
Day Scholar Entertainment '32
Aeolian '31, '32
Tea Dance Committee '31
Numerals '32

Did you ever see such twins that *weren't* twins? They don't even dress alike, (an unprecedented behavior in twins), but isn't that inevitable in the case of two such different types of beauty? Though they both play the piano, honors go to Betty as the most accomplished pianist. At our recitals she comes forth with these terribly difficult concertos, or whatever they are, that just make us ashamed to play even chop sticks! Betty is also President of Aeolian—and a very good one at that.

MARIE ALICE HOLIHAN
"*Holly*"
30 Morton St., Andover, Mass.

Smith — *Three Years*

Tea Dance Committee '31
Class Secretary '30
Senior-Mid Banquet Committee '31

"Miss Holihan, go on with the translation." Yet in the face of the gravest difficulties (Algebra and Latin) Marie preserves unruffled calm, staring with those clear, hazel eyes past any such temporary annoyances. We enjoy such 'savoir-faire', Marie, also (we are just bursting with clever French expressions) 'la belle figure'. But far from being beautiful but dumb! You'll find she's a whiz at tennis, and we suspect other lights hidden under the proverbial bushel!

MARY IRENE HYDE
"*Min*"
22 Elm St., Ware, Mass.

Five Years

Northfield '30
Prom Committee '31
Secretary A.A.A. '32
"A" Society '31, '32
Philomatheia '32
Athletic Council '32
Fidelio '28, '29, '30, '31, '32
Senior-Mid Play '31
Draper Dramatics '31
Tea Dance Committee '31
Dance Committee '31
Senior-Mid Banquet Committee '31

Numerals '30
Advisory Board '31
Hiking Leader '32
Chevron '32
Entertainment Committee '32
Club Basketball '31, '32
Track Team '30, '31, '32
Club Volley Ball '29
Centennial Committee '29
Spanish Tableaux '30
Nominating Committee '29
Christmas Party Committee '31

When everything seems so distressin'
Min's mouth has a way of expressin'
What her eyes always say
At the start of each day—
So here's to our Min with much blessin'!

CYNTHIA WELLS JAMES

"Cyn"

203 Marlborough Rd., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Smith *Two Years*

Griffin Basketball Team '31 Q.E.D. '32
Captain Griffin Team '32 Christmas Party Committee '31
Athletic Council '32

Cyn has a way of depreciating herself till we're almost ready to believe she's as awful as she says she is! But something always turns up that proves her quite wrong. For instance, that about "best dancer". We were almost ready to lead her to Arthur Murray, but we're going to make Arthur learn a few things from her instead! When Cyn is rushing around worrying about that History Test we always know it's all right. The more she worries the less there is to worry about!

SUSAN PARKER JOHNSTONE

"Sue" "Susie"

Woodstock, Conn.

Vassar College *Four Years*

Volley Ball Team '29, '30, '31 Head of Croquet '32
Captain Volley Ball Team '31 Hockey Team '31, '32
Numerals '29 Deck Tennis Team '31, '32
Spanish Tableaux '29 "A Society '31, '32
Fidelio '29, '30, '31, '32 Philomatheia '31, '32
Bible Entertainment '30 Honor Bonus '31
Northfield '30, '31 Chevrons '31, '32
Honor Roll '30, '32 Choir '32
Varsity Croquet Team '30, '31 Athletic Council '31, '32
Hiking Leader '32

Susan never was particularly crazy about Physics, but she worked hard and got through much to her relief. She hated those tests which she was sure she'd fail—and hardly ever (if ever) did. Susan likes to write, too, and more than once has pleased the always critical English department.

ELIZABETH HOPE LATHROP

"Betty" "Bets"

436 Clinton Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Sarah Lawrence College — *Three Years*

Literary Editor *Courant* '31, '32
Posture Honor Roll '31
Athletic Council '31, '32
Senior-Mid Play '31
Head of Riding '31
Head of Golf '32
Second Hockey Team '31
Senior Play '32
Numerals '32

"She did her own thinking and needed little advice." Betty not only surpasses most of us in dancing, but can always give us points in singing. Don't let her dignified looks deceive you, for she can outdo almost any one of us when it comes to riding.

VIRGINIA LAWTON

"Honey"

47 Forest St., Torrington, Conn.

Three Years

Philomatheia '30, '31, '32
Secretary-Treasurer Philomatheia '32
Class Vice-President '30
Chairman Entertainment Committee '32
Christmas Party Committee '31
Society Banquet Committee '31
Abbot Birthday Committee '31
Senior-Mid Play '31
Senior Play '32
Numerals '31
Prom Committee '31
Tea Dance Committee '31
Griffin Baseball Team '30, '31

Honey has personality plus, a good sense of humor, as well as being the Senior class's Irish beauty. Can't you just picture Honey disporting among the little bacteria after she has left us and has secured a position in a laboratory? One thing's certain—whatever she takes up she will succeed in—good luck Honey!

HILDA WOOD LYNDE

195 Main St., Andover, Mass.

Vassar College

Courant Board '30, '31, '32
Fidelio '28, '29, '30, '31, '32
Class Book Board '32
Treasurer of Class '29
Treasurer of Class '31
Posture Honor Roll '29
Posture Committee '29
Christmas Party Committee '31

Five Years

Tea Dance Committee '31
Numerals '29
Abbot Birthday Committee '30, '31
Senior Banquet Committee '31
Ensemble '31, '32
Senior-Mid Plays '31
Centennial Pageant '29
Senior-Mid Banquet Committee '31

French class just couldn't get along if Hilda weren't there to giggle at everything (or nothing), and as for Study Hall!—well, maybe we'd better not go into details, but we do wish you the very best luck in the world, Hilda, and we feel sure that either the giggle, or the piano playing, or "that artistic touch" will take you successfully to the end of your journey!

FRANCES WARE McGARRY

"Fran"

Merriam Rd., Grafton, Mass.

Wellesley

Q.E.D. '31, '32
Treasurer Q.E.D. '32
Student Government '32
Vice-President A.A.A. '32
Athletic Council '32
Abbot Birthday Committee '31

Two Years

Advisory Board '32
Fidelio '31, '32
Ensemble '31, '32
Numerals '31
Hiking Leader '32
Griffin Tennis Team '31
Christmas Party Committee '32

"Perseverence is the secret of success." Fran is full of liveliness and suggestions when she is not studying, but "hands off" until she finishes! On the tennis courts, Fran is a very familiar figure, and there is no doubt that we will be proud of her in later years in that line.

DOROTHY ESTHER MOORE

"Dot"

93 Prospect St., Berlin, N. H.

Connecticut College — *Two Years*

Senior-Mid Play '31 — Draper Dramatics '31

Fidelio '31, '32

Well, Dot, we agree with you, the Latin is certainly terrible! But if we all worked as hard and studied as conscientiously as you do, we'd all be Prize Pupils and have the (scholastic) world at our feet. We all appreciate your ready friendship, but we're afraid that some of your playfulness is left over from those dear old days when you roomed with Nemo!

CLARE MARY O'CONNELL

"Clare"

17 Wolcott Ave., Andover, Mass.

Wellesley — *Five Years*

Aeolian '31 — Griffin Song Leader '31

Secretary-Treasurer Aeolian '31 — School Song Leader '32

Tea Dance Committee '31 — Entertainment Committee '32

Centennial Pageant '29 — Fidelio '28, '29, '30, '31, '32

Draper Dramatics '31

Curly black hair, (the envy of the whole school) big gray eyes, and many admirers—who could it be but Clare? And these are but a few of her attractions. We won't forget that voice of hers in a moment, or the recitals in which she played, or the beautiful ladies with which she illustrates her books—and particularly the delightful poems set to popular tunes!

ELIZABETH ANN PALMER

"Betty"

71 Walworth Ave., Scarsdale, N. Y.

Sarah Lawrence College *Two Years*

Editor-in-Chief Class Book '32
Hiking Leader '32
Fidelio '31, '32
Aeolian '32
Chairman Senior-Mid Banquet Committee '31
Entertainment Committee '32
Honor Bonus '31
Honor Roll '31, '32
Senior Play '32
Senior Play Committee '32
Tea Dance Committee '31
Griffin Entertainment Committee '32
Ivy Oration '31

Whenever we get depressed or wonder how on earth we can be the simply perfect girl, good-natured, good-looking, and studious, and school-spirited all at once, we look at Betty and begin to struggle anew; but somehow she stays far ahead of us. We who know how hard it is to find time to practice and study too, congratulate Betty on playing as well as she does and practically leading the honor roll every semester. As if this weren't enough, she's about made the Class Book.

CAROL EDWARDS PIKE

"Chawul"

132 Dotrandes Ave., Riverhead, Long Island, N. Y.

New Jersey College *Three Years*

Fidelio '29, '30, '31, '32
Choir '30, '31, '32
Song Leader '30, '31
Q.E.D. '30, '31, '32
A.A.A. Council '31, '32
Head of Ping Pong '31, '32
Varsity Ping Pong '31, '32
Senior Play '32
Hiking Leader '30, '31
Honor Roll '31
Society Banquet Committee '31
Abbot Birthday Committee '31
Varsity Volley Ball Team '31

Oh yes, Carol really is a student of Abbot Academy even though she does pursue her own calm, unruffled way ignoring completely all that displeases her. We have all heard Carol's truly golden voice, and are not likely to forget it. "Dirt is so temporary," isn't it, Carol?

ELIZABETH CAROLINE PIPER

"Bettie"

75 Westland Ave., West Hartford, Conn.

Three Years

Odeon '31, '32 — French Play '30
President Odeon '31 — Senior Play '32
Secretary-Treasurer Odeon '32

In her literary moments Bettie does some really good work which is the wonder and delight of English V. She never gets ruffled or upset about things, and has never been caught studying—yet the results are always gratifying. With that faculty she ought certainly to get along nobly when she goes forth into the cold, cold world.

LOUISE HOPE PORTER

"Weeze"

8 Lennox St., Beverly, Mass.

Eastman School of Music — *Two Years*

Aeolian '31, '32 — Fidelio '31, '32
Senior-Mid Plays '31 — Draper Dramatics '31

Louise plays the piano—jazz as well as classical, and oh what jazz! She loves and learns the old jazz numbers as well as the latest hits She'll play any old one you want to suggest. Louise has a weakness, too—she never hears the breakfast bell because, well, she doesn't even hear the rising bell!

EUNICE HOLCOMBE RANDALL

"Euno"

44 Van Buren Ave., West Hartford, Conn.

Mount Holyoke	*Three Years*
A.D.S. '31, '32	Senior-Mid Play '31
A.D.S. Play '31	Fidelio '30, '31, '32
Draper Dramatics '30, '31	Entertainment Committee '32
Hiking Leader '32	Elocution Recital '31

Eunice's good nature and willingness to enter everything whole-heartedly are known to us all. Eunice and Susie may be seen together any old time dining at Ye Food Shoppe, out for a nice long walk, or wandering down the corridor arm in arm. After Eunice leaves us, she will probably explore every nook and corner of England, and then settle down there to "live happily ever after".

DOROTHY ALICE RICHARDSON

"Dotso"

Boston Rd., Billerica, Mass.

Wheaton	*Two Years*
A.D.S. '31, '32	Senior-Mid Play '31
Senior-Mid Banquet Committee '31	A.D.S. Play '31
Christmas Party Committee '30	Elocution Recital '31, '32
Abbot Birthday Committee '31	Senior Play '32
Senior Banquet Committee '31	

What would we do if we couldn't run into Dotso's room Wednesday afternoons for food? Never mind the calories, Dot, for we love your sunny disposition and enjoy watching you in dramatics.

DOROTHY REINHART

"Dot"

42 Salem St., Andover, Mass.

Smith	*Four Years*
Treasurer A.A.A. '32	Senior-Mid Play '31
Fidelio '29, '30, '32	Senior Play '32
Choir '32	A.D.S. Play '31
A.D.S. '31, '32	Vice-President of Class '30
Secretary-Treasurer A.D.S. '32	Tea Dance Committee '31
Draper Dramatics '29, '31	Secretary-Treasurer of Class '31
Centennial Pageant '29	"A" Society '32
Hockey Team '31	Numerals '30
Track Team '31	Honor Roll '29, '30, '31

Posture Honor Roll '29

Dottie came to us full of that Chicago attraction that fascinated us immediately. And her personality plus her vitality makes her one of the cutest girls in the class. Dottie is very serious and is forever asking questions which charm the faculty completely, and send us into stitches as the familiar "I don't see why?" comes out. Her ambition, we hear, is to become an actress, and from what we have seen of her acting, we would place her in stardom at Hollywood right away. And after all, Dottie, "why not?"

DOROTHY CONVERSE ROCKWELL

"Dot" *"Rockwell"*

606 West 122nd St., New York, N. Y.

Smith	*Two Years*
Literary Editor *Courant* '31, '32	Christmas Party '31
Gargoyle Captain '32	Hockey Varsity '30, '31
Senior-Mid Banquet Committee '31	Numerals '31
A.D.S. Play '31	Baseball Varsity '30
Class Book Board '32	Abbot Birthday Committee '31

Dotty of the Karacul curls is our class mascot (which is it—Scottie, monkey, or goat?) whose nimble gambolings in the pastures of Great Wit chase away any midnight blues we might have when the wolf rings the doorbell. As for putting pep and points on the Gargoyle's side, Dotty is all there! But it's a plain case of brains vs. brawn, I'm afraid, for Dotty gets A+ in Algebra and can spell! How she can spell! And she's on the *Courant* and (now you know why it's so good) the dear old Year Book!

KATHARINE BRIGHAM ROTH
"*Kay*"
Andover, Mass.

Swarthmore

Class Treasurer '29
Class Representative for Student Government '29
Griffin Volley Ball Team '30

Four Years

Head of Skating '32
Posture Honor Roll '30
Club Basketball Squad '31

Kay left for a year during her Abbot career and then came back again for the finishing touch no European school could give. And the wonderful stories she brought back with her, too! Snowy days on an Alp and glorious moonlight nights in a Venetian gondola! We're terribly jealous of you, Kay—but very glad you came back!

GEORGIA KNAPP THOMSON
10 Forest St., New Britain, Conn.

Wellesley

Numerals '30
Honor Roll '30
Gargoyle Hockey Team '30
Head of Croquet '31
Athletic Council '31, '32
Winter Sports Team '31
Chevron '32

Three Years

Second Varsity Hockey Team '31
Varsity Hockey Team '32
Head of Riding '32
Gargoyle Baseball Team '30, '31
Posture Honor Roll '31
"A" Society '31, '32
Courant Board '30, '31, '32
Senior Play Committee '32

Georgia hates to work hard but she has to in order to pass those dreaded College Boards! Some day, so she thinks, Latin will be the death of her! Why Virgil ever wrote the "Aeneid" she can't imagine. Miss Kelsey's room is right opposite Georgia's and is a constant source of anxiety to her—but she's learned what to do when company in her room is a little noisy—she just shuts her door!

RUTH HOWE TYLER

"Ruthie"

24 Park Ave., Wakefield, Mass.

Wellesley	*Two Years*
Senior-Mid Secretary '31	Christmas Party Committee '32
Varsity Hockey Team '31	Student Government '32
Fidelio '31, '32	Advisory Board '32
Choir '32	Griffin Hockey Team '32
Senior-Mid Banquet Committee '31	Odeon '31, '32
Numerals '31	Griffin Track Team '31
Posture Committee '31	Senior-Mid Play '31
Senior-Mid Tea Dance Committee '31	President A.C.A. '32
Abbot Birthday Committee '31	
	Entertainment Committee '32

"Joyousness is nature's garb of health". Ruth has a certain magic for producing smiles. If anyone is waiting to laugh just find Ruth. She is fulfilling her office of President of A.C.A. very successfully and efficiently, and we all enjoy listening to her rhythmical songs in recitals and on the corridor.

ELIZABETH FRANCES VINCENT

"Betty"

Shelley, Mich., R.R. 4

Garland Cooking School	*Three Years*
Odeon '31, '32	Senior Play '32
Fidelio '31, '32	Northfield '30
Choir '31, '32	Chairman A.C.A. '31
Senior-Mid Plays '31	

If you want to learn anything about the Philippine Islands just ask Betty. She lives there when she's not in the states trying to get an education. She'll tell you all you want to know—especially about the food found there and how it differs from that found at Abbot. Betty is a real songbird, too, and we always enjoy hearing her sing.

ATOSSA FROST WELLES
"Toddy"
118 South Pine Ave., Albany, N. Y.

Smith	*Two Years*
Philomatheia '31, '32	Christmas Party Committee '32
President Philomatheia '32	Abbot Birthday Committee '31
Honor Roll '31, '32	Senior-Mid Play '31
Treasurer of Senior Class '32	Draper Dramatics '31
Senior-Mid Banquet Committee '31	

For Toddy life seems to be a dream of things half-seen and soon forgotten, except when it comes to dates (aha! triple meaning!), and we hope someday life will be a different dream come true. Meanwhile we thank the Things That Are for having given us two years full of laughter over the "breaks" and puns of our not so erring sister.

JULIA WILHELMI
"Judy"
54 Kent Rd., Duluth, Minn.

Smith	*Two Years*
Class Secretary '31	Head of Proctors '32
Q.E.D. '31, '32	Numerals '31
President Q.E.D. '32	Club Track Team '31
First Vice-President of Student Government '32	
Hockey Varsity '32	Abbot Birthday Committee '31
Christmas Party Committee '32	

It always makes Judy *perfectly furious* to be told anything except that she is fat and has buck teeth! So of course she has an awful time at Abbot because we all appreciate those Proportions and that Face! But "beautiful but dumb" doesn't work in her case, for Judy is one of our best students, as well as the President of Q.E.D. Yea, Wilhelmi!

HARRIET PRESCOTT WRIGHT

"Harry"

108 Oak St., Shrewsbury, Mass.

Two Years

Odeon '31, '32
Fidelio '32
Choir '31, '32
Ensemble '31, '32
Hiking Leader '32
Head of Chapel Proctors '32
Honor Roll '31

What would the Senior Class do without Harriet? We couldn't have our regular enjoyment in study hours in the form of hearing her violin from the Music Bay when she's so faithfully practicing. She's a great help to Mrs. Estaver in Ensemble, too. How many times have you heard a violin trying its best to compete with one or two pianos and a vocal lesson in the Music Bay?

Class History

The beginning of our famous class started five long years ago with the goodly number of six. Many were the wild tales told of us while we were in Sunset—throwing people into tubs of water was a common occurrence, and water fights were staged at least once a week. How big we felt when we had our first class meeting—a real organized class at last! No longer were we the school babies! We were fortunate enough to be able to take part in the Centennial celebration—and what a celebration it was! The high light of our third year was our debut of the prom—but only as ushers. Of course when we started our Senior-Mid year we were allowed some of the privileges which are granted to the two upper classes. There was our exciting tea dance, the Senior prom, and our own banquet. But what can ever compare with our Senior year? We came back feeling the heavy responsibility of high and mighty Seniors. The year turned out to be filled not only with responsibility, but with unlimited pleasure. First there was the Senior picnic, then right after midyears we traveled North to Intervale—The Intervale of our dreams for four years. Passing over the lameness and bruises which we acquired there, we also found bacon-bats, flapjack parties, sleigh-rides, not to mention hikes into North Conway. The Senior play was a great success, surpassing all expectations, and the prom followed in its turn and was considered by one and all the best dance ever held. Graduation looms up as the great climax of five years' work. We shall march down the aisle with our "little blue books" thinking not of what has passed, but what awaits us out in the wide world.

Virginia Brown
Harriet Bolton

Class Will

We, the Class of 1932 of Abbot Academy, being as we believe of a sound and sane mind and memory, do make and publish and declare this to be our last will and testimony.

We leave to individuals:

1. Dot Rockwell's girdle to Doris Marchand.
2. A membership to "Goodwife and Mother's League" to Clara Smith.
3. Frances Harvey's loud laughter to Betty Weaver.
4. A silencer for Catherine Campbell's nose and a booklet on, "Care and Feeding of Roommates."
5. Atossa Welles' moire pillow to Caroline Guptill.
6. Lucy Drummond's scales to Barbara Worth.
7. Dorothy Rockwell's hair to Gloria Grosvenor.
8. All our lipstick to Beverly Macfadden.

We leave to the Faculty

1. To Miss Moses a package of Kleenex to wipe her glasses off with.
2. Dotso Richardson's "Palmer Method" to Miss R. Chickering.
3. To Miss Bailey a dumbwaiter on which to carry Star's food upstairs.
4. All our appendices to Miss Grimes to add to her laboratory collection.
5. To Miss Robinson an *extra* pair of glass eyes.
6. To Miss Patten, who has begun to collect pins, we leave a small box to put them in.
7. To Mrs. Craig we leave a pair of track shoes in order that we may hear her coming, and a pair of suspenders.
8. All our old braces to be made into chains for Miss Carpenter and Miss Hopkins' Ford.

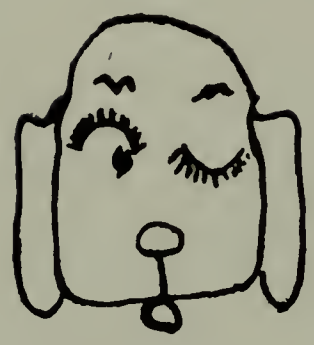
We leave to the school:

1. Frostila with which to make our hands as alluring as Miss Patten's.

We leave our heart and hand to the lady of the Dedication.

As Others See Us

Hoag



C. Smith

Vincent

D. Moore

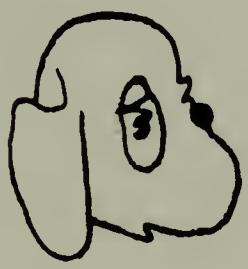
Donnell

Frederick

Harvey

Randall

Johnstone



Tucker

James

Cook

The Awful Truth for Faculty

Name	*Saying*	*Known By*	*Ambition*
BERTHA BAILEY	*"The news will be given by"*	That firm touch on the bell	Feed Star really well
K. R. KELSEY	*"Take a quiet restful day"*	Air of perfect lady	Make us likewise
N. M. MASON	*"99 times out of a 100"*	The little wheel for her glasses	Einstein the second
R. CHICKERING	*"Montague says—what?"*	Sitting on edge of desk	Do away with spelling
M. BANCROFT	*"Lotta mail this morning"*	Late to breakfast	Commission for mail-maulers
K. FRISKIN	*"Hurry, hurry, hurry!"*	That well-trained choir	Make us pronounce t's and s's
H. BEAN	*"What is an indulgence?"*	Those tests	Liven up History
D. PATTEN	*"No, thank you"*	Who said pin?	Oh—*you* know!
B. WARD	*"Gibls!"*	Feverish preparations for recitals	Be prepared
F. JENKS	*"Did you have a nice time?"*	Everybody's friend	A little time to herself
J. BAYNES	*"Eh?"*	That radio	Never chaperon again!
E. COVEY	*"Oh"*	Late to meals	Intelligent classes
O. MATHEWS	*"Whose notebook is this?"*	The firm hand on day scholars	Become an atheist
H. ROBINSON	*"Passive Periphrastic"*	Quotations from B. & I.	Better Latin students
C. MOSES	*"Utmost effort of memory"*	Romulus and Remus	Perfect sight translation
F. BUTTERFIELD	*"Are you really hungry?"*	Dignity	One day without bran
R. BAKER	*"How interesting!"*	Attempt to keep up conversation	Get served first at table
M. CARPENTER	*"One, two, one, two"*	Those correct landings	Go to the movies
D. HOPKINS	*"I know who you are"*	Springing library problems	Give a faculty play
B. GRIMES	*"Get off my corridor"*	Dark black coffee	Painless dissection
M. MERCAT	*"Oh"*	Purple sweater	Never be asked to sing again
M. CRAIG	*"Qu' avez-vous?"*	Boots	"Penser à'" and "penser de"

Faculty Freaks

Name	*Title*	*Reason*
BAILEY	*Bearded Lady*	She's always being bearded in her den
KELSEY	*Strong Man*	Lifting dumbbells through College Boards
CRAIG	*Sword Swallower*	The things she has to swallow about French grammar!
CARPENTER	*Contortionist*	Teaching us how to use the Swedish ladder
MOSES	*Fire eater*	Swallows her own words
MATHEWS	*Rubber-necked Man*	Study Hall supervision
MASON	*Wild Woman*	Try to correct a few Physics tests!
BUTTERFIELD	*Human Skeleton*	Wears herself to bone trying to feed us all at once
ROBINSON	*Bushman*	Never beats about the bush
HOPKINS	*Man with the Iron Tongue*	Those remarks about class verses
R. CHICKERING	*Elephant-headed Woman*	An elephant never forgets

The Awful Truth for Seniors

Name	*Saying*	*Known By*	*Ambition*	*Probable End*
H. ALLEN	"*Alas, poor Yorick*"	Virtuous appearance	Run a gift shop	School teacher
B. BIGLER	"*My gracious*"	Calling Fidelio roll	Banker	Musician
H. BOLTON	"*Smooth*"	Burping	Aviatrix	Crash!
E. BOYCE	" "	Georgia Thompson	Sell typewriters	Teaching gym at Abbot
V. BROWN	"*Eeeee—*"	Clothes	Webb	Binghamton
P. BURTT	"*Heaven's to Betsy*"	Corduroy suits	House That Jack Built	Good housewife
K. COOK	"*I'm so embarrassed*"	Specials	To be married	Married
H. CUTLER	"*O, Lordy*"	Those—ads!	Business manager	Compliments of a friend
L. DRUMMOND	"*Where's my roommate*"	Riding	Raise horses	Groom
P. FREDERICK	"*It's just my chest*"	Chest	Eyebrows	Hope chest
M. HARTWELL	"*O, my dear!*"	Fannie	To sing	Opera
F. HARVEY	"*Rockwell, darling!*"	Rockwell	Write poetry	Poet's wife
J. HENRY	"*Gosh*"	Horses	Placate Miss Chickering	Animal show
L. HEZLITT	"*Life in a bug house*"	Getting weighed	Sylph-like figure	Coffin
C. HOAG	"*Just another sucker*"	Walk	Be an artist	First lady of land
B. HOLIHAN	"*Oh, dear*"	Dissimilarity	To make Smith College	Another musician
M. HOLIHAN	" "	Dissimilarity	Famous golfer	Elocution teacher
M. HYDE	"*O, my—*"	That hair	Blond	Brunette
C. JAMES	"*O no-o!*"	Pessimism	Ted	Mannequin
S. JOHNSTONE	" "	Croquet	Keeping on the ball	With mallets toward none
B. LATHROP	"*O, really?*"	Dancing	Socially prominent	Dancing school teacher
V. LAWTON	"*How are your rabbits?*"	Voice	Wild Irish Tiger Lily	Wild Irish Rose
H. LYNDE	"*Hee, Hee!*"	Giggle	Get French done	Minister's wife
F. McGARRY	"*O Ye Gods*"	S. S. G.?	Dave	Chappy
D. MOORE	"*Isn't it awful?*"	Rooming with Nemo	Phi Beta Kappa	Robby's understudy
C. O'CONNELL	"*Oh, deah*"	Rich contralto	Keep on tune	Calliope
B. PALMER	"*No—*"	Kittens	Pianist	Manchester
C. PIKE	"*How's your guts?*"	Hair	Opera	Night club
E. PIPER	"*O, Yes*"	Glasses	New York apartment	Maine woods
L. PORTER	"*I'm so laughing*"	Letters from F.	Piano accompanist	Head of orphan asylum
E. RANDALL	"*Hunhlow*"	"Hunhlow"	Einstein's equal	Kindergarten teacher
D. RICHARDSON	"*O, I see*"	Man hater	Figure	Slim
D. REINHART	"*I don't see why*"	Young wife	Actress	Audience
D. ROCKWELL	"*Who said that?*"	Diaphragm	Une grande passion	Master muscles
K. ROTH	"*When I was in Italy*"	Trip abroad	Trip abroad	Italy
G. THOMSON	"*Pooh daddle*"	Sailing	Skipper	Lighthouse keeper
R. TYLER	"*Gawsh*"	That voice	Annapolis hop	University of Maine prom
B. VINCENT	"*O January!*"	Eyebrow plucker	Greta Garbo	Polly Moran
A. WELLES	"*O pooh*"	Physics	Einstein theory	School teacher
J. WILHELMI	"*Gosh*"	Blond and coal	Find her ideal	Found it
H. WRIGHT	"*O, I see*"	Violin	Violinist	Violin teacher

Class Statistics

Done Most for School	Constance Hoag
Most Athletic	Dorothy Rockwell
Class Grind	Susan Johnstone
Cutest	Dorothy Reinhart
Cleverest	Dorothy Rockwell
Best Dressed	Virginia Brown
Class Bluffer	Carol Pike
Most Literary	Phyllis Frederick
Most Artistic	Hilda Lynde
Most Musical	Betty Palmer
Pessimist	Cynthia James
Optimist	Betty Lathrop
Best Looking	Julia Wilhelmi
Prettiest	Harriet Bolton
Best All-Round Girl	Lucy Drummond
Most Drag	Virginia Brown
Most Capable	Betty Palmer
Most Indifferent	Carol Pike
Most Versatile	Dorothy Rockwell
Most Absent Minded	Phyllis Frederick
Most Temperamental	Mary Hyde
Typical School Girl	Eunice Randall
Best Figure	Julia Wilhelmi
Sob Sister	Clare O'Connell
Meekest	Dorothy Moore
Best Natured	Frances Harvey
Best Dancer	Cynthia James
Smoothest	Leonore Hezlitt
Most Playful	Ruth Tyler
Personality	Carol Pike
Neatest	Betty Palmer
Most High Hat	Virginia Brown
Most Busybody	Dorothy Richardson
Best Smile	Betty Bigler

Senior Class Song

Class of thirty-two,
Class of colors white and scarlet,
To you we'll be true
And above the rest
You'll hear our voices
Ringing loud and long
To the red and white,
O'er the world we'll
Sing your glory
To you we'll e'er be true,
Oh class of thirty-two.

Tree Song

Just as this lovely tree
Can ne'er unlovely be
Within the charmèd circle of this place,
Our love and memory
O Abbot dear of thee
We'll hold forever in our fond embrace
And may we, year by year—
Our lives first rooted here—
Prove worthy of this circle's boundless grace.

PHYLLIS FREDERICK

ROCKWELL

Lucy

Betty

HILDA

Toddy

CONNIE

Kay

B[illegible] M[illegible]

RuThie

Fran

Harriet

Georgie

Harriet

Bettie

Honey

Dotso

Betty

Jinny

Ring Song

Tune: "*Merry Widow Waltz*"

Here's a symbol
Of the Class
Of thirty-two.
The ring of gold
That binds us
To the Abbot blue.
We will e'er remember
The memories they bring
And forever treasure
Our Senior ring.

HWL
INTERVALE

Intervale

Intervale! The very word makes anyone at Abbot who ever has the chance to go there sit up and listen! Going to Intervale for three days after the mid-year exams is the Seniors' privilege at Abbot each year. Sometimes, just before we leave, some few girls think that perhaps they would rather not go. They usually *do* go finally (they are unlucky if they don't!) and would they have missed it? Just ask them and I can guarantee a very decisive "no"!

From the moment that we get on the train to go, until we get off when we come back to Abbot, excitement reigns everywhere and everybody is supremely happy. This year we didn't think there would be much snow, but when the train drew into the Intervale station we knew that we would have plenty. In one day, in fact, almost six inches fell!

As usual we began our fun by driving to the "Bellevue" in a huge sleigh drawn by four horses. From that moment on we were busy at all times doing many and varied things. The skating, sleighing, skiing, tobogganing, "cuttering", and trailing were all enjoyed by everyone—especially by those who had never before been in a place so well suited to winter sports.

We had the annual climb up Mount Surprise, and also the "flapjack" party in which there was a race to see who could eat the greatest number of "flapjacks". Are we or aren't we surprised to find that Helen won the race? But then, it would never do to single poor Helen out! What about all the rest of us who had nothing less than steak and fried potatoes for breakfast? or two or three helpings of pancakes and sausages? We just couldn't help being hungry and, as far as I can see, no one so much as thought about calories—they just ate and ate!

We were obliged to retire at eleven o'clock and, after a busy day out in that famously invigorating mountain air, no one objected strenuously to going to bed. There is nothing much more thrilling than was the walk to North Conway after supper for a soda—especially when it was snowing hard and the world was covered by a thick white blanket. This sight, those of us who saw it would say, was one of our "big moments". Another sight, never to be forgotten by those who saw it, was the sunrise up over Mount Washington. Miss Bailey brought the attention of all of us to this magnificent picture, and the memory of it will remain with us always.

We Seniors want everyone of you under-classmen to be sure and take advantage of these three days full of fun and overflowing with good cheer and surprises next year. Don't miss the experience because it comes only "once in a life time."

A Day at Intervale

7:30	A.M.	Someone rings a bell in the corridor.
7:31	A.M.	Silence.
7:32	A.M.	Smell of steak drifts upstairs.
8:00	A.M.	Drummond tells Rockwell to get up and shut the window.
8:30	A.M.	Rockwell shuts the window.
8:31	A.M.	Brown and James go downstairs.
8:59	A.M	Miss Bailey comes downstairs.
8:59½	A.M.	Everyone comes to breakfast.
8:59¾	A.M.	Steak!
9:15	A.M.	Announcements for the day.
9:15½	A.M	"An eye for an eye"—we *all* try to sign for trailing.
9:30	A.M.	Moore and Randall go down the toboggan chute backwards.
10:00	A.M.	Tyler goes riding on "Molly".
10:01	A.M.	Tyler gets discouraged.
10:02	A.M.	So does "Molly".
10:30	A.M.	Trailers are off!
11:00	A.M.	"Molly" catches her hoof in the railroad track.
11:00½	A.M.	Miss Bailey falls off the driver's seat.
11:01	A.M.	Congratulations all around.
11:30	A.M.	Band of trailers come in to thaw for awhile.
11:31	A.M.	Brown melts entirely upon discovery of a letter.
12:30	P.M.	Who said lunch?
1:30	P.M.	Who said lunch!!!
1:45	P.M.	Connie works it off by going down hill in a dish-pan.
2:00	P.M.	Half of us sign for sleigh-riding.
2.05	P.M.	"Jingle Bells" in four (or was it 5?)keys dies away in the distance.
2:15	P.M.	The other (better?) half decide between falling on skates or tripping over skis.
3:00	P.M.	Neither, by gosh!
3:30	P.M.	Phyl—ass, *no* more candy!
4:00	P.M.	Special for Kitty!
4:01	P.M.	Special for Kitty!
4:02	P.M.	Special for—oh, well, this is getting tiresome.
4:30	P.M.	Drummond: "Will you all *please* come to song practice?"
4:45	P.M.	Drummond: "Won't you *please* come to song practice?"
5:00	P.M.	Song practice: "A little bit of Heaven fell from out the sky one day".
5:02	P.M.	And landed "B A N G!"
5:05	P.M.	Coördinate!

5:05½	P.M.	Coöperate!
5.05¾	P.M.	*Coördinate!!*
5:06	P.M.	Oh well . . .
6:00	P.M.	Dinner.
6:02	P.M.	Miss Bailey announces flapjack party in one hour. Uhm!!
7:00	P.M.	Where is some more stationery? Are the colored post-cards cheaper? What is "snow" in Latin, Judy?
7:15	P.M.	Brown and Bolton set out for North Conway.
8:00	P.M.	All set for the flapjack party.
8:10	P.M.	Cathedral Woods! *This* way, don't forget!
8:11	P.M.	Burtt and Lathrop (from the inky depths of the woods) Help! We're lost! (They really were!)
8:15	P.M.	"Flapjacks!" We shriek and stampede to "Wyehut."
8:17	P.M.	"Flapjacks"—we moan.
8:18	P.M.	"Flapjacks" . . . inaudibly.
8:19	P.M.	Helen Allen . . . twelve—
8:20	P.M.	"Fifteen!"
8:21	P.M.	"Six—teen!"
8:22	P.M.	"Sev . . . en . . . teen . . ."
8:23	P.M.	"E-i-g-h-Teen! I've beaten C. Grosvenor!"
8:25	P.M.	Miss Bailey (after considering one thing and another) isn't quite so sure that this is an accomplishment.
8:45	P.M.	We begin a long trail home—singing, shouting, telling stories of great adventure in the wilds.
9:00	P.M.	One by one we are overcome by the vagrant yawn and retire . .
10:00	P.M.	But not to bed! As a fitting close to a day at Intervale—and what a day!—we tell ghost stories.
11:00	P.M.	All lights are out and we talk ourselves to sleep. So ends a typical day at Intervale. Wouldn't you like to have been there?

Intervale Songs

(Tune: *Sleepy time Down South*)

Pale moon shining on the fields of snow,
Abbot girls singing soft and low,
Needn't tell you so because you know
It's Intervale we love.
Cold winds blowing through the tall pine trees,
Even tho' it's cold we don't freeze,
'Cause we always do just as we please
When we're at Intervale.
Skiing, skating, sliding, sleighing and such,
We love it all so much.
Bacon bats, and flapjacks, steak, and the rest—
Which do we love the best?
Everything we do up here is great
And we don't have to hesitate—
Saying this we all cooperate
It's Intervale we love!

(Tune: *Ooh That Kiss*)

Intervale, what a time we had there
Though the ice was bad there
In the mountain air
Intervale, all the food we've eaten
Surely can't be beaten
Of our weight beware!
Oh those rides when we're trailing behind a horse,
Oh those slides were lots of fun of course!
Intervale is the big attraction
Gives a swell reaction
See you there!

(Tune: *A Little Bit of Heaven*)

Sure a little bit of heaven
Fell from out the sky one day,
And it nestled in New Hampshire
Not so many miles away;
And when the angels found it
Sure it looked so sweet and fair
They said "Suppose we leave it
For it looks so peaceful there."
So they sprinkled it with sunshine
Just to make the pine trees grow,
They're the finest ones that can be found
No matter where you go.
And they placed the mountains round it
Just to keep away the gale,
And when they had it finished
Sure they called it Intervale.

Way up north at Intervale
We forget P. A. and Yale,
That's because we've so much else to do!
Lots of muscle on the make
We lick our chops and eat the steak
Let this be a warning unto you!
Wrapped in blankets ten feet deep
That's the way we get our sleep
Bedsocks, and hot-water bottles too.
When we go off in a sleigh
No one cares how much we weigh—
Senior-mids we wish the same to you!

1933
SENAT
K

Senior Middle Class

Colors—Green and White

OFFICERS—FIRST HALF

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Vice-President	Betty Weaver
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Treasurer	Barbara Worth

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SENIOR-MID CLASS SONG

Abbot, we're marching on to cheer you,
Cheer you with a rousing song,
We're an army strong and true
Volunteers to serve for you
As with banners bright we swing along—
Thirty-three, thirty-three, thirty-three!
May you ever be a credit to the green
The finest class we've e'er seen pass
Is marching on to bring new glory to Abbot!
Thirty-three, thirty-three, thirty-three!

SENIOR MIDDLE CLASS

Class of 1933

Margaret Black
Caroline Bullock
Jane Burnham
Mary Elizabeth Burnham
Helen Buttrick
Catherine Campbell
Virginia Chapin
Lois Chapman
Margaret Chase
Anne Cleveland
Ann Cole
Olive French
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Betty Tompkins
Mariatta Tower
Jean Vernon
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Hazel Walters
Betty Weaver
Martha Whipple
Kathryn Whittemore
Barbara Worth
Dorothy Wrenn

Inventions

A. Rolled-up shade to be fastened around forehead in the form of a becoming festoon. (old Gaelic word meaning "first one"—also probably the *only* one) When homework is not prepared, subject pulls chain, releasing shade, which falls down and envelops subject. This reveals a large sign, "ABSENT"; a casual glance by the teacher will satisfy her that we are *not there*, and probably never were.

B. Small square in front of Miss Bailey's desk, equipped like a "sinking orchestra". The floor automatically sinks every fifteen minutes. This is, of course, worked on the *non-stagger* system—you *don't stagger* out of the office, but merely sink through the floor in the appropriate manner. A green light hung directly above the subject's head would provide the required ghastly effect. We suggest carrying your copy of Hamlet with you.

C. Bed in the approved roller-towel fashion. Every Saturday bed rotates. New bed comes into view. Snap opening provided every ten feet. Unsnap, get in, sleep, get out, snap. Due to the continuity of sheets, blankets, etc. bed never has to be made. These last a school year.

D. Alphabet soup for Miss Chickering's spelling classes. A practical course, not only in spelling, not only in getting people to eat soup, but in actually getting them to notice what was *in* the soup! Example:
Miss Chickering: Phyllis, how do you spell "mediaeval?"
Phyllis: There's a carrot in the way, Miss Chickering.
Thus all the bad spelling in the school could be blamed on Miss Butterfield.

E. Dictaphone outside Miss Kelsey's office with a small resumé of the day's little morals and epigrams, to be turned on after lunch to amuse those who are waiting outside. At regular intervals there should also be a still small voice whispering "come, come, come" so that the next in line could enter the office. By the time it came to be our turn to go in, we should all be Perfect Ladies!

F. Did you ever think of the only real way to be assured of complete warmth on cold days? The method is so simple as to be positively childish, yet how easy it is for our great and ponderous brains to overlook such Simple Ways Out! Take the contents of one of those dry-hot-water bottles, swallow them (the contents), and then the next time you are cold, quickly run to the fountain and swallow two teaspoons of water, no more, no less; jump up and down twenty times, and there you are! From head to heels you are thoroughly warmed, and this is guaranteed to last at least two days. (N.B.: As we can readily see that this would put several people out of business* we hesitate to suggest more than one or two people doing this.)

* Mrs. Duncan, Miss Butterfield, Mr. Scannell, and Charles.

SPORTS

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K. Cook C. O'Connell O. French

Head Cheer Leader

Bradford Day

This year it was Bradford's turn to come to Abbot for our annual Play Day. We tried out a new plan for entertainment this year. Instead of Bradford's spending a whole day at Abbot, the girls arrived at four o'clock in the afternoon to stay until seven.

Upon their arrival, we exchanged greetings as usual by songs, and then followed the rush for "our group". Both Bradford and Abbot were divided into separate groups, each group having a certain color. The corresponding groups of the two schools at last found each other, were taken through the receiving line by Abbot group-leaders, and then up to the Seniors' rooms.

An orchestra which had been engaged for the afternoon was an unusual treat, so after much talking and showing the Bradford girls around the school, we all danced in the "rec" room until time for supper. Supper was served in McKeen Memorial and the orchestra supplied music between courses.

At about seven we were very reluctant to have to say goodbye to our Bradford friends, but we hope that they enjoyed the afternoon as much as we did and will want to come again.

Fall Field Day

It was the day of the Harvard-Yale football game so most of the players were absent, but they made up for it by sending telepathic messages of sympathy and good wishes! The Gargoyles and Griffins marched around the circle and around Draper Hall to the basketball field where we froze our extremities, although we were warmed inwardly by excitement and anticipation. The Gargoyles won the first team game after an exciting contest between very well matched players. The Griffins retaliated by the winning the second team game. In fact, they won the hockey and everything else but a couple of the minor sports such as clock-golf and driving. The final score for the afternoon was 55-20 in favor of the Griffins. The Gargoyles, however, are teeming with hidden talent, which is bound to appear in spring sports if not in the fall ones!

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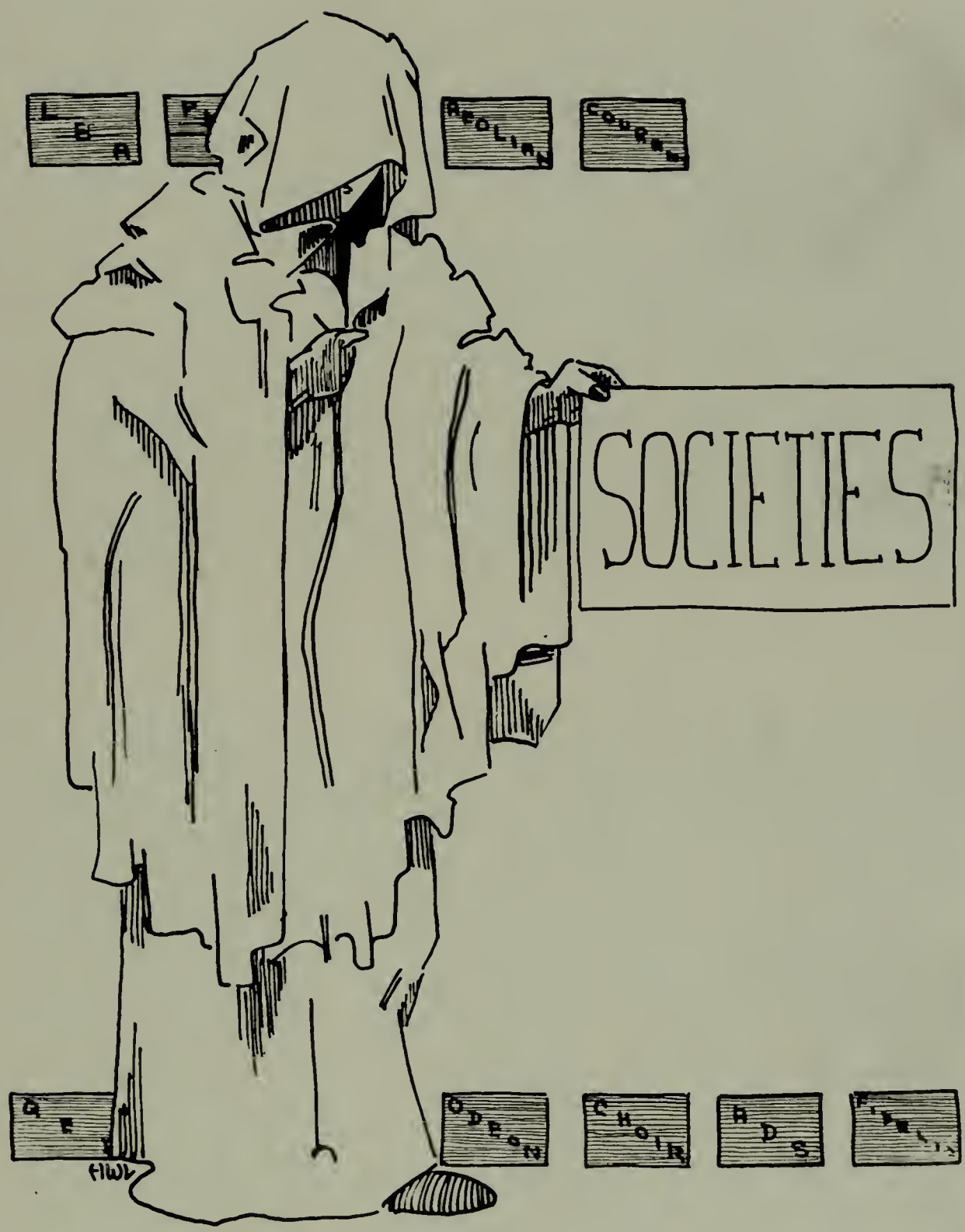
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Dramatics

The Senior Play

"THE CRADLE SONG"

By G. Martinez Sierra

On March 15, 1932, the Senior class presented the Cradle Song, a two-act play by G. Martinez Sierra. It is a very unusual play giving a pleasing glimpse into the life in the Convent.

The first act opens on the nuns seated near the grille. It is the birthday of the Mother Prioress, and she has been receiving many presents. One of these presents turns out to be a baby. After much controversy, the old doctor who has been attending the nuns for years, decides to adopt the child if they will take care of it.

The second act is 18 years later. The child has grown up and is leaving the Convent to be married. The young man she is to marry comes to the convent and is presented to the nuns, who approve of him highly. The parting is sad because Teresa, the girl, is leaving, and, in doing so, is taking away with her all the joyousness with which her presence filled the convent.

This play shows the great sense of mother-love felt even by the nuns who have taken vows to renounce all earthly things. It is both touching and charming.

CHARACTERS

Sister Joanna of the Cross	Katharine Cook
Teresa	Dorothy Reinhart
The Prioress	Elizabeth Lathrop
The Vicaress	Carol E. Pike
Mistress of the Novices	Pauline Burtt
Sister Marcella	Constance Hoag
Sister Maria Jesus	Bettie Piper
Sister Sagrario	Betty Vincent
Sister Inez	Virginia Lawton
Sister Tornera	Leonore Hezlitt
Antonio	Clare O'Connell
The Poet	Elizabeth Palmer
A Country Man	Dorothy Rockwell
The Lay Sister	Dorothy Richardson
A Monitor	Mary Thompson
A Monitor	Mary Abbie Hollands
Nuns	Lucy Drummond, Hilda Lynde, Helen Allen, Atossa Welles

Scenes

Act I Room opening upon the Cloister
Act II Parlor of the Convent

Coach	Mrs. Bertha Morgan Gray
Stage Managers	Helen Cutler
Scenery	Mr. Scannell

Abbot Dramatic Society Plays

DUST OF THE ROAD

By Kenneth Sawyer Goodman

On December 8, 1931, the Abbot Dramatic Society presented two plays. The first of these, "Dust of the Road" by Kenneth Sawyer Goodman, was a one act play based on one man's desire for money. Peter Steele has been entrusted with a certain amount of money for the son of an old friend.He has kept the money instead of giving it to the boy when he should have done so. It is Christmas Eve, and his conscience bothers him a great deal. A tramp enters who shows him how wrong he is. At the end Peter and his wife, Prudence, are quite ready and willing to give up the money, and lead a happy life after that because of it.

Peter Steele	Eunice Randall
Prudence Steele	Mary Elizabeth Moore
An Old Man	Mercedes Clos
The Tramp	Katharine Cook

THURSDAY EVENING

By Christopher Morley

This is a delightful comedy with its setting in the kitchen at the home of Gordon and Laura Johns. It is the maid's night out and both the mothers-in-law are there for dinner. An argument ensues which is settled by the mothers-in-law. It is a sprightly play and in pleasant contrast to the "Dust of the Road."

CHARACTERS

Gordon Johns	Ann Dudley
Laura	Dorothy Reinhart
Mrs. Sheffield	Margaret Morrill
Mrs. Johns	Dorothy Richardson

Senior-Middle Plays

HEARTS TO MEND

By Harry A. Everstreet

On January 19, 1932 the Senior-Mid class presented three plays. The first of the series was "Hearts to Mend", a Pierrot and Pierrette Comedy. The love of Pierrot and Pierrette had lessened and their hitherto happy life is endangered. However, a tinker, skilled in the art of mending hearts as well as pots and pans, made them happy once again. This play was greatly dependent on the pantomime which was executed in a most pleasing manner.

Pierrot	Ann Cole
Pierrette	Alice Shultz
Tins-to-Mend-Man	Mariatta Tower

THE VALIANT

By Holsworthy Hall and Robert Middlemass

The second play, "The Valiant," is a story which everyone knows. It is just one more poignant proof of the power of filial love. The acting in this play was highly commendable and surpassed our highest expectations. We were all convinced that, in truth, the valiant taste of death but once.

Warden Holt	Katherine McDonald
Father Daly	Helen Rice
James Dyke	Carolyn Guptill
Josephine Paris	Catharine Campbell
Dan	Ruth Mailey
Wilson, an attendant	Marcia Gaylord

THE WORKHOUSE WARD

By Lady Gregory

The last, but by no means the least, of this delightful series of plays was "The Workhouse Ward." It was quite the most hilarious bit of acting we have seen here in a long time. One will always remember its wit, dialect, and flying feathers.

Mike McInerney	Betty Weaver
Michael Mirkell	Margaret Walker
Mrs. Donahoe	Annette Robin

We congratulate you, Senior-Mids.

Contentment

It was after ten one hot summer night in August—or rather it was a hot night everywhere but on the water. The sky was covered with stars—some shining brightly, others seeming to twinkle in and out in the distance. The mast-head lights of many boats swayed silently back and forth, as they were rocked by the incoming tide. From the club-house on the nearby shore the faint music of an orchestra drifted to me over the water. I imagined myself dancing to that orchestra, and yet was glad that I was not. Lying on my back on the forward deck of the "Wanakah", I was superbly happy; I was contented; I forgot my worries, and I lazily took notice of a beautiful night on the water. In the city it would be unbearably hot, but out here where I was a cool breeze fanned me at intervals—just enough to keep me cool.

The moon was full—a very beautiful sight and, as I watched it, it seemed to sway back and forth in the heavens, when, in reality, it was the boat which rocked. The tide was almost full. I could hear the waves lapping up against the rocks on the shore, although where I was the water seemed almost still. A few ripples here and there were the only evidences that the tide was really coming in. I could hear voices—excited and happy, I supposed—mingling with the distant music. There is nothing in the world like a silent evening on the water to carry distant sounds distinctly for long distances. I could almost understand what they were saying, but I soon tired of trying to listen and turned my attention to a small sailboat, a cat boat, which had suddenly loomed up beside me out of the darkness. I could hear only the ripple of the water as the waves lapped upon the bow, as the little boat glided silently through the water. A beautiful sail—so graceful and so silent!

Suddenly in the distance, around the cove, came the rhythmic chug-chug of an outboard motor. Nearer and nearer it came, until finally it scooted past me and as quickly passed into the darkness as the chug-chug became softer and softer. Finally I could hear it no more. Soon a large rather bulky looking rowboat came toward me. In it were three old grey-haired fishermen who were coming home after a whole day out in the cove. They were singing, although rather off-tune, to themselves. I think they were singing something about "Sweet Adeline", although I could not distinguish the words. I wondered how many fish they had caught, and how much patience they must have had to stay in the cove all day. They disappeared, and the plop-plop of the oars grew fainter.

I lay dreaming for a while, thinking of nothing but my contented state of mind, of my complete isolation from a hurrying world, and of the wonderful though simple happenings about me. My attention was roused for a minute. From the boat next to mine came the plop-plop-gurgle of bottles being thrown into the water. I concluded that the crew on the "Mabe II" were enjoying themselves. At different times during

the evening I heard the same thing happen again. I hoped that they were enjoying themselves as much as I was, but I doubted it.

I heard a distant fog horn which meant that the early morning would be foggy. A whiff of air brought me a delicious odor of tobacco smoke, and I remembered my father. He was happy, too, and I got up to join him before slipping under my white sheet to go to sleep on my bunk and dream yet more of the water and its silent boats.

ELIZABETH PALMER

Two Loves

(A Sonnet)

Two loves have I and both are passing fair;
And both I love with all my strength and heart.
And yet I do not know how I can share
Such force of love, and from them be apart.

The one has eyes of ever-changing blue;
Her hair is gently ruffled by the breeze;
The moonlight tints her face with silver hue,
As joyfully she stands among the trees.

My second love is almost always sad.
Her voice so clear I love to hear her sing.
But at the times when she is very glad,
New hopes and inspirations she can bring.

The first of these a shaded pool is she.
My other love the e'er inspiring sea.

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(Wilson, pp. 62, 63)

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Fairy Tales	Life at Abbot
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Canals	Ask Mrs. Duncan
Intensive Poultry Culture	Plucked Eyebrows
The Object of Education	Does anybody know?
Modern Dancing	Wreck Room
The Value of Tact	Table Talk
Should People Have Secrets?	Weight and Age
Your Favorite Game	Parlour game!
The Girl of Today	Is the bride of tomorrow
Birds in Winter	Summer, too!
On Being Lucky	B+ in Latin
The Use of Sunday	Where's My Blondex?
Emigration	December eighteenth
Country Life vs. City Life	Vice Versa, too
Forecasting the Weather	That's Easy
Listening-in	Faculty Meeting
Why Should We Study History?	Yes, why?
The Uses of Flowers	We know!
Honey	Lawton
Present day Football	When the mail goes up
The Care of Books	We don't care
Thinking Power in Animals	Mid-year Exams
Learning French	Learning, did it say?
Furnishing your own Room	September eighteenth
Famous Women in History	Those Abbot girls
"A Little Learning is a Dangerous Thing"	C+
The Future of Aviation	Bolton
The Abolition of the Steam Locomotive	Rockwell
Qualities of a Good Business Man	Just tired
The True Friend	Lends you her only evening dress
Packing for a Holiday	Lipstick, Undies and Hanky
Your Favorite Book	Yearbook, we hope

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G ET
O UT
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C H UCK
DAV I S
GORI L LA
NOB L E

Parting Hymn

Father, I know that all my life
    Is portioned out for me;
The changes that are sure to come
    : I do not fear to see; :
But I ask Thee for a present mind
    Intent on pleasing Thee.

I ask Thee for a thoughtful love
    Through constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
    : And to wipe the weeping eyes; :
And a heart at leisure from itself,
    To sooth and sympathize.

Wherever in the world I am,
    In whatso'er estate,
I have a fellowship of hearts
    : To keep and cultivate; :
And a work of lowly love to do
    For the Lord on whom I wait.

So I ask Thee for the daily strength
    To none that ask denied,
And a mind to blend with outward life
    : While keeping at Thy side; :
Content to fill a little space
    If Thou be glorified.

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